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# GOLD LEAF.

Largest Circulation  
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ADVERTISING  
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Rates on Application.

THAD R. MANNING,  
Editor and Prop'r.

"CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER."

SUBSCRIPTION  
\$2.00 a Year.

VOL. VI.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1887.

NO. 6.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

### ANNOUNCEMENT!

The undersigned having purchased the interest of Mr. M. N. Parrish in the concern of "Thomason & Parrish," desires to say to his numerous friends and customers that he will continue the mercantile business at the same place, under the firm name and style of

**H. THOMASON,**

Where may be found at all times a full line of General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Hats, Wood and Willow Ware, Glass Ware, Crockery, Staple and Fancy Groceries, Provisions, &c., &c., all of which will be sold at

### VERY LOW PRICES

Understand us: We keep a fresh and reliable stock and sell goods for profit, but we are content with selling a heap of them and making it out of the many and not the few, and can and will sell you as good bargains as any reliable house. We have but one price, and that always the lowest.

We are headquarters for the farmers and keep everything they want at "hard time" prices. In our

## PROVISION DEPARTMENT

We have CORN, MEAT, MEAL, FLOUR, SUGAR, COFFEE, LARD, SYRUP, MOLASSES, SALT, FISH, WHEAT, BEAN, SHIP STUFFS, &c., all of which we sell at prices to suit the condition of the purchaser when tobacco is low and money is scarce.

Special attention is called to our FLOUR, a large lot of the best brands of which we always keep on hand. When you want a good barrel of a No. 1 fine family flour we can sell you a bargain.

Very Respectfully,  
**H. THOMASON,**  
Successor to Thomason & Parrish.

W. S. PARKER. T. A. CLOSS.

**Parker & Closs,**  
—DEALERS IN—

## DRY GOODS, CARPETS,

NOTIONS,

Boots, Shoes, &c.

And the Largest Stock of FINE and HEAVY

## GROCERIES,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

Kept in the town. We have added a line of FURNITURE to our stock and will sell direct from factories at prices that cannot be beaten in any city.

Our Burt & Packard Fine Shoes are the Best Made and our Neptune Flour has never been equalled. Don't forget we have the

## Cheapest Cash Store

IN TOWN.

Seed Rice, Clover, Grass and Grain always on hand.

**PARKER & CLOSS,**

HENDERSON, N. C.

Jan 1, 1887

## Those who Die

Must be cared for as well as those who live, and the place to go for burial cases of every description, is the old and reliable

## Undertaking Establishment

of JOHN M. BARNES. A full line of Coffins—all styles and sizes—and we positively will make it to the advantage of customers to examine our stock before buying elsewhere. Large lot of metal cases, imitation rosewood, fine walnut and cloth covered coffins always on hand from which to select. People do well to give me a call as

I CAN AND WILL UNDERSELL THE TOWN.

Fine Hearse and pair of Black Horses always at command at moderate prices. Ready at all times to wait on customers, day or night. Having long been in the Undertaking business, I feel that I understand the wants and necessities of my customers, and I guarantee satisfaction in every instance.

We keep also in stock a fine line of furniture, mattresses, &c., which we sell very reasonably. Also agent for first-class marble works.

Thanking my friends and customers for their generous patronage in the past, and hoping to merit a continuance of the same in the future,

Very Respectfully,  
**JOHN M. BARNES,**  
HENDERSON, N. C.  
[July 1, 1887]

## VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR

I will sell one hundred valuable building lots in the town of Henderson, N. C. Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call and see me. I will make the terms easy.

**JAS. H. LASSITER,**  
HENDERSON, N. C.

## Dr. John R. Moss

Offers his Professional services to the citizens of Henderson and surrounding country. Many years of experience and familiar acquaintance with the science and practice of Medicine enables him to give the highest satisfaction. Old patients will find still faithful and new ones will receive every attention. Satisfaction guaranteed as to charges; office over Clay's store, Elvett building, Henderson, N. C.  
Feb 25, 1887.

## "LANGSYNE."

Sweet Memories of the Past.

Words that Recall the Long Ago, and Some Reflections on the Same.

[Greenlee Reflector.]

"Langsyne! how doth the word come back With magic meaning to the heart As memory roams the sunny track From which hope's dreams were loth to part; No joy like by-past joy appears; For what is gone we fret and pine; Were life spun out a thousand years, It would not match Langsyne!"

There is no word in our language that will, even in the smallest measure, convey to the mind so much of meaning as this idiomatic old Scottish word, combining as it does, so much sweetness and tenderness and depth of expression—"the long ago" comes nearer than any we can recall to memory just now, and though it is far less terse and simple, reaches nearer the full significance of that one word, Langsyne! Yes, we think of it—its many glorious, vivid visions of happiness to come, its varied excitements of brightly gleaming glittering anticipations of all an ardent imaginative nature, strained to its utmost tension, could reveal and feast and delight itself in, and its pleasures that were real and not "fleeing away" on the moment, as it were—with feelings reverent, holy, as if we were in the presence of the dead, or a place made holy by the worship of a vastly superior being. But these are all of the "Langsyne."

The poetic imagery of Jean Paul Richter, when dwelling in sad retrospection of the Past, shadowy, too, it seems at times, renders it "that dusk of down-gone days," nor could he have been more descriptive, for there is even a twilight shadow floating, like a filmy haze, over the Past, sunny and bright and golden as it once may have seemed.

And like unto the "Langsyne" of the Scottish poet must have been the pervading thought of Washington Irving, which prompted him, in tender reminiscences, to write:

"The love of locality, the charm and attraction which one homely landscape possesses to us, surpassing all stranger beauties, is a remarkable feature in the human heart. How the events of life, as we return to them, have grown into the places where they fell upon us! Here is some summer garden or sunny lane beautified and canonized forever with the flood of a great joy; and here are dim and silent spots—rooms always shadowed and dark to us—where distress or death came once, and since then dwells evermore."

Yet how wonderfully Time, which mingles all things with its legacy of age, can soften these! Under its beneficent influence less glowing are our brightest memories, less darksome our most gloomy. There are times even when beneath that gracious "dusk," which ever veils the past, they seem to blend together

"In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts Bring sad thoughts to the mind."

Tennyson, the idyllic poet, seems to have also fallen under the hallowing influence of "Langsyne," for hear him as he mournfully says:

"And the stately ships sail on To their haven under the hill; But O for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!"

Who will deny that he was then traveling over scenes of vanished days and, in imagination, picturing to himself the sight of a face that had gone, ever dear in the "Langsyne." And then, too, see the longing that overcame him as he wrote:

"But the tender grace of a day that is dead Will never come back to me."

The subjoined little verse, by a true poet, well illustrates the pathos of that word, "Langsyne."

"The old man sits and dreams away The long hours of the summer day; He thinks about the things of old, When life was like a tale told."

"And fancies come of Paradise, And he is looking in the eyes Upturned to his in happy trust— Oh sweet eyes, hidden under dust!"

"Oh, happy days of long ago! Oh, happy days! When daisies blow Above the lips in silence set, The faithful heart will not forget."

The prompt and decisive rulings of Lieut. Governor Stedman in the Senate, adds much to the dispatch of business in that body, and the hearty acquiescence of Senators in the decisions of their presiding officer, attest the confidence reposed in him. The Senate of North Carolina has rarely, if ever, had a more dignified or competent president.—Raleigh Visitor.

Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.—Sir Walter Scott.

## TOO GOOD AND KIND.

[Written for the GOLD LEAF.]

O ye who seek from day to day, 'Tis very seldom that ye find, As ye go searching on your way, A heart that is too good and kind.

And yet I know there is one such, But oh, I wish it could not be; For though she loveth overmuch, She does not give her love to me.

She loveth all, nor gives to one A greater portion than the rest; And every morn beneath the sun Is loved with equal strength and zest.

She will not concentrate her love Upon a single loving heart; But, like the sun that shines above, She gives to every one a part.

I surely think that it is wrong, For her to love all men the same; Love scattered wide is not for long; Who little gives must little claim.

Oh bonny maid, it is not right That you should be so wondrous free; I really do think that you might Give all your heart and love to me.

—JAMES CHESTER ROCKWELL,  
Whiteville, N. C.

## Pleasant Paragraphs.

[From the Churubusco People.]

Never judge the degree of a woman by the height of her slipper.

You'll find that the backwoodsman's best friend is his wife, if you'll ax him.

There is a great display of fall and winter-hog goods seen on the streets these icy times.

There is a sort of Press Club in this vicinity, but it is working independent of the newspapers.

The grip and scarf holder is a new idea in collar buttons and is likely to be a favorite among traveling men.

This is the season of the year when chestnuts are well seasoned; even those in some of the newspapers are getting dry.

When two eyes meet with two eyes more, and two eyes more with two eyes meet, should tulips meet with two lips more? and two lips more with two lips meet?

The man who wants a harvest yield Must graze every sheep; The best that bears a broken shield Will come at last to grief.

The tide that bears our fortunes on Is master of our fate; If we but wait, the fortune's gone— Gone with the rushing years.

Then what we do, must be well done, For caution is the wand; With it and industry is won The fortunes of the land.

Isn't it a little queer that as we grow from youth to manhood the objects change which give us pleasure? The amount of happiness realized varies but little? There seems to be a certain amount of the article implanted to us, no more, no less. The boy's sled gives place to the richly caparisoned sleigh, the toy house to the imposing residence, the toy watch for a real one, the toy boat to an ocean yacht—but the first yielded quite as much pleasure as the last.

Man looks upon the earth and sea; the forests and rivers. He can measure the mountains and estimate territories and can see and imagine this natural existence of material things; and can even contemplate the form and progress of their creation; but when he thinks of God; of the sky; of the universe and the unfathomable mystery of time; and of eternal things; he is speechless with wonder. The boundless mysteries with which the Almighty has surrounded himself should be a convincing argument to the unbeliever of God's infinite power and majesty; and the works that He has wrought through His Son should convince all of His mercy; and yet there are those who seeing, see not, and hearing, hear not.

## The Yadkin Valley Railroad.

[Raleigh Evening Visitor.]

We congratulate President Gray and all concerned, on the passage by the House of Representatives of the bill extending the time to four years for the completion of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railroad to Mt. Airy and Patterson. The only regret we have in connection with the matter is, that the force of convicts was not placed at a larger figure, and we trust that an amendment will be made to the bill in the Senate to an increase in that direction. It is one of the most important enterprises in the State, and should receive all the fostering care possible.

## The Tendency is Toward Improvement.

[Greensboro North State.]

Joseph Daniels will make an acceptable Public Printer. The only thing militating against him is his habits. He does not smoke, chew or drink; uses chaste language and is a consistent church member. This is a combination not generally characteristic of a good printer.

Read and advertise in the GOLD LEAF.

## THE PLANT BED.

How to Make it and Sow the Seed.

Some Valuable Hints for New Beginners in Tobacco Culture.

Now is the time for sowing tobacco seed, and those of our farmers who contemplate raising the weed should be about this work, and not delay it until almost time for transplanting in the spring. In beginning the culture of tobacco all farmers not thoroughly skilled in its management are always ready to learn all they can that will be to their advantage. Capt. R. B. Davis, of Hickory, who is a successful planter and a practical man in every way, gives the following hints in regard to the preparation and care of plant beds:

To the planter an early and abundant supply of tobacco plants is the thing of prime importance. To secure this the seed may be sown at any time between the 15th of December and the 15th of March, the earlier the better, and allotting 100 square yards of seed bed to every 10,000 plants that will be needed. The ground selected for the purpose should be virgin soil, of sandy texture rich and moist, with full exposure to the sun, but sheltered to the north and west by rising ground or growing timber, against the cold winds of early spring. Such spots can be readily found in wooded hollows, at the foot of hills, and near to or alongside some water course. Other things being equal, the farther into the woods the spot selected is the better in order to escape the potato bug.

## BURNING THE PLANT BED.

The ground having been well chosen, the next thing is to rake it cleanly, and then burn it thoroughly so as to kill all germs of vegetation. The burning can be at a single blast, if done with dry brush, heaped upon the entire bed to a height of some four feet. A better but costlier method is to burn with wood laid upon green poles, which serves the purpose of ventilation, in case the wood should be piled the whole length of the bed, and at convenient width, say six feet, and after the pile has been well kindled, it should be allowed to burn some two hours, or until the poles underneath are burnt up. The burning wood and fire coals should now be moved by using old hoes fastened upon long handles, and again spread at convenient width and fresh wood added, which should burn until the ground underneath has been burnt as thoroughly as before, and so on until the entire bed has burnt over. So soon as the ground has cooled enough to walk upon it, and without removing the ashes, it should be broken deeply and finely with the mattock, care being taken not to invert the soil, and then chopped with weeding hoe and raked until clean of roots and well pulverized—for which reason land should never be burnt when too wet.

## SOWING THE SEED.

The bed is now ready for seeding. The variety of seed recommended is Yellow Orinoco. The quantity sown should be one and a half table-spoonfuls to every 100 square yards, and in that exact proportion for each fraction or multiple thereof. Great care should be taken to sow the seed as regularly as possible, so as to prevent some spots from being too thin, and what is worse, other spots from being too thick. To do so the seed should be carefully measured and then thoroughly mixed in a convenient quantity of dry ashes, and the mixture divided in to two equal parts. The bed should be marked off into convenient sowing breadths by lines four feet apart, and sowed entirely over with one half the seed and in one direction, and then over again with the other half and in the opposite direction, the sower retracing his steps. The seed should be left upon the surface and neither hoed nor raked into the soil, but trodden in with the foot, or pressed in with the back of a weeding hoe, or better still, by pressing a light roller over the bed. To prevent drifting or puddling of the seed by washing rains, where the ground is rolling, trenches slightly inclined and two inches deep and four feet apart should be made with the mattock across the bed. Where the ground is flat and subject to being soaked, it should be thoroughly drained as nothing draws more easily than the tobacco plant.

For the three fold purpose of warmth, moisture and fertility, the bed should now be top dressed with a covering half inch thick of good stable manure broken fine, the fresher the better, but in any case free of grass seed. When such stable manure is not convenient, then from the hen house or hog pen

will answer, hog hair also making an excellent top dressing. If neither of these are at hand, some strongly ammonized fertilizer should be applied at the rate of half bushel of it to every 100 square yards, and raked into the soil before seeding. The bed should be thickly covered with fine brush to prevent both drying and freezing of the soil, by which the plants are either checked in their growth or lifted out by the roots.

## "Hurrygraphs"

[From the Charlotte Chronicle.]

It is the fashion now in France for ladies to take tea in bonnets and gloves, a fashion book informs us. Many of us prefer to take our tea in the old way—in a cup. But there's no telling what fashion will subject people to if its dictates are followed.

We are told that Mrs. Fisher, a brunette, with good features, fine eyes and a ready tongue, runs an 80-horse power Harris-Corliss engine in Providence, and does it well. Why should not a woman run an engine well? They are successful conductors of a "train."

A poet sends us his latest production: "Kiss me for my Kittie." You don't catch us doing any thing of the kind. Send us your Kittie, and if she's good looking and sweet, with rosy, luscious lips, we'll kiss her, but hang the author. Who wants to kiss him?

It was said by those of old that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Possibly that is so, but the conclusion we have reached is, that the world lies about us when we grow older.

A very impertinent exchange wants to know "what makes a young lady?" Why, you old sinner. A little girl will make a young lady—in the course of time.

As a general rule most farmers take care of their stock, but just as soon as spring sets in they let them "go to grass."

Some of our contemporaries are discussing the subject of "How to win a woman's love." Easy enough. Set the other fellow out.

## A Good Editor.

[Philadelphia Call.]

He reads closely, calls carefully, omits and amends, discards and digests never ignoring the fact that variety is a great essential. There are sentences to recast, words to soften, redundancies to prune, errors to correct, headings to be made, credits to be given, seasons to be considered, affinities to be preserved, consistencies to be respected. He knows whether the matter is fresh or stale, whether it is appropriate, and whether he has used it before; he remembers that he is catering for many tastes; he lays the whole newspaper field under contribution; he persistently boils down, which with him, is not a process of rewriting, but a happy faculty of expunging without destroying sense or continuity.

His genius is exhibited in the departments, the items of which are similar and cohesive—in the suggestive heads and sub-heads, in the sparkle that is visible, in the sense of gratification which the reader deserves. No paper can be exclusively original, it would die of ponderosity. Life is too short, and hence an embargo must be laid upon the genius of its rivals. A bright clipped article is infinitely better than a stupid contributed article. The most successful paper is the paper that is intelligently and consistently edited in all its departments, whether by pen or scissors.

Brick Pomeroy says there are bad men in the State prison, small men in office and mean men in church, but no man is so bad, small or mean as he who has not enough ambition and regard for the county and town he lives in, and whose business supports him, to take and pay for his local newspaper.

An exchange says: "When visiting a printing office keep these rules in view: Enter softly, sit down quietly, subscribe for the paper and pay in advance, keep six feet away from the devil, hand off the manuscript, don't talk to the compositors, don't carry off the exchanges, don't read the type on the galleys."

We agree with Hinton Helper, one of the finest writers in the old North State, that the entire South must abandon the one crop idea before it can become prosperous, homogeneous and happy. How many farmers are there in North Carolina to-day in debt for their '86 fertilizer by their adherence to the one crop system, together with the lien law and mortgage system yoked around their necks? Yes, thousands.—Greensboro Patriot.

## CRIME.

Stalking Broadcast Through the Land.

Need of More Stringent Laws and the Strict Enforcement of the Same.

[Wilson Mirror.]

Crime stalks over the country like a pestilence. The very flood gates of perdition seem to have been lifted, and the roar of its maddened and furious waters can be heard rolling along, bearing away reputation, bearing away character, bearing away honor, bearing away life—yes, bearing away in its downward and destructive sweep all that makes life dear and precious.

Every paper teems with the sickening details of horrid and revolting crime. Murder has grown so familiar that people do not tremble with horror and wild dismay when they hear that a fellow-being has been shot down like a worthless cur, and ushered without a moment's warning into the Presence Chamber of the great I Am.

Honesty—the rare virtue which made "man the noblest work of God"—is urged to take a back seat, at the suggestion of many, while trickery, shrewdness, cunning and fraud, are cordially invited to take its vacated office in the high and holy and God-like sanctuary of right dealing among each other.

Woman's virtue—the richest and dearest and most precious gem that ever sparkled in the God-wrought coronal of her worth and excellence—is treated by many as lightly as the glittering icicles which Winter's freezing fingers hang upon the sun-kissed brow of glorious morning, and which sparkle for a moment with a lustre as rich as the trembling brilliancies of immortal fires, then fall and break and die away forever. Every breeze is burdened with the wail of the wronged, the outraged, the ruined and the lost.

Have we over-colored the picture? Is the background dark and sombre? Is it? Just take up the papers and read them through and you will see that never, since the first born of mortal race became a fratricide under the seraph-guarded walls of Paradise, has stricken and groaning earth beheld such a carnival of wickedness, such a wild saturnalia of shame and dishonor. From Maine to Mexico billows of Pandemonium's lava dash their ebullient spray against the mountain crags of sin, and all feel their baneful and life-destroying influences.

Crimes for which our fathers had no names, for they were scarcely known, now flaunt themselves in print, and society, "now choked with customs and foul deeds," read them over and over without a shock, yes, without a tremor. Murders which have startled Europe, are treated as merest trifles, and in many cases no effort whatever is made to arrest the guilty party, whose hands have been reddened by the life-blood of his victim.

A halt must be made, a stop put to the reckless march of crime. Those entrusted with the administration of justice should give "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth and a life for a life." They should remember Babylon and Nineveh. Once proud and rich and powerful, but now their glory has departed, their palaces are now the vile habitations of the bats and the moles, and the gaunt wolf howls where once their holiest alters stood.

We must enforce the law, punish all offenders, be they high or low, rich or poor, or we will have to read the continuation of our history in the mournful story of other nations saturated with crime, and whose terrible enormities brought down upon them the fearful indignation of a long forbearing, long suffering but infinitely just and powerful God who cannot and who will not look upon crime with the least degree of toleration, or with the faintest shadow of allowance.

## We Have Heard of Similar Cases Before.

[Winston-Twin-City Daily.]

There is something very peculiar about the amputation of the hand of Mr. A. L. Groner, who was recently hurt in the Salem Iron Works. We learn that after the hand had been amputated and he removed to his home, a distance of about three hundred yards, he complained of severe pain in the dismembered limb stating that the fingers felt like they were very much cramped and called a friend's attention to the fact. The hand was taken up unknown to him and the fingers straightened out, when immediately he expressed his relief, or as near the time as could be reckoned. This is something very remarkable, but by no means an isolated case, as there are many on record very similar to this one. Science has thrown no light upon it so far.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Episcopal Church.—Rev. Julian E. Ingle, Rector. Services every 1st and 3d Sundays at 11 a. m., and 8:30 p. m.  
Methodist E. Church.—Rev. J. D. Arnold, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday, at 11 a. m., 7:30 p. m., Prayer-meeting every Tuesday 7:30 p. m., Sunday School 9 a. m.  
Methodist Protestant Church.—Rev. S. W. Cox, Pastor. Services every Sunday, morning and night, Communion services every third Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.  
Prayer meeting every Thursday night, Sunday School every Sunday morning, at 9:30 from October to 1st April; at 8:00 from April to October.  
Presbyterian Church.—Rev. Alexander Sprunt, pastor. Public worship and preaching every Sunday morning and evening. Sabbath School at 9:55 a. m., every Sabbath morning. Prayer-meeting and lecture every Wednesday at 8:00 o'clock.  
The public is cordially invited.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS

**T. M. PITTMAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
HENDERSON, N. C.  
Prompt attention to all professional business. Practices in the State and Federal courts.  
Refers by permission to Commercial National Bank and E. D. Latta & Bro., Charlotte, N. C.; Alfred Williams & Co., Raleigh, N. C.; D. Y. Cooper and Jas. H. Lassiter, Henderson, N. C.  
Office: Over Jas. H. Lassiter & Son's store [Nov 5 1886]

**A. J. HARRIS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
HENDERSON, N. C.  
Practices in the courts of Vance, Granville, Warren and Franklin counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts of the State.  
Office: In Cooper Building, over J. L. H. Mullisler's.

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## The Bank of Henderson

HENDERSON, VANCE COUNTY, N. C.  
General Banking, Exchange and Collection Business.  
FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS Negotiated on good farms for a term of years, in sums of \$500 and upward, at 8 per cent interest and moderate charges. Apply to W. H. S. BURGWYN, At the Bank of Henderson.

## WM. H. S. BURGWYN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HENDERSON, N. C.

Persons desiring to consult me professionally, will find me at my office in The Bank of Henderson Building.

L. C. EDWARDS, A. R. WORTHAM, Oxford, N. C. Henderson, N. C.

## EDWARDS & WORTHAM,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

HENDERSON, N. C.

Offer their services to the people of Vance county. Col. Edwards will attend all the Courts of Vance county, and will come to Henderson at any and all times when his assistance may be needed by his partner.

mar. 19, 1887.

## W. H. DAY, A. C. ZOLLICOFFER,

DAY & ZOLLICOFFER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

HENDERSON, N. C.

Practice in the courts of Vance, Granville, Warren, Halifax, and Northampton—and in Supreme and Federal courts of the State.

OFFICE.—In the new Harris Law Building next to the Court House.

Feb 9 1887.

## F. S. HARRIS,

DENTIST,

HENDERSON,